

IMPORTANT TRADE NOTICE

Please increase your order for Monday's "Daily Mirror" Monster Dress Number. **THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND.**

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,538.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE BATTLE FOR AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: HOW BRITONS ARE MEETING THE HUNS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

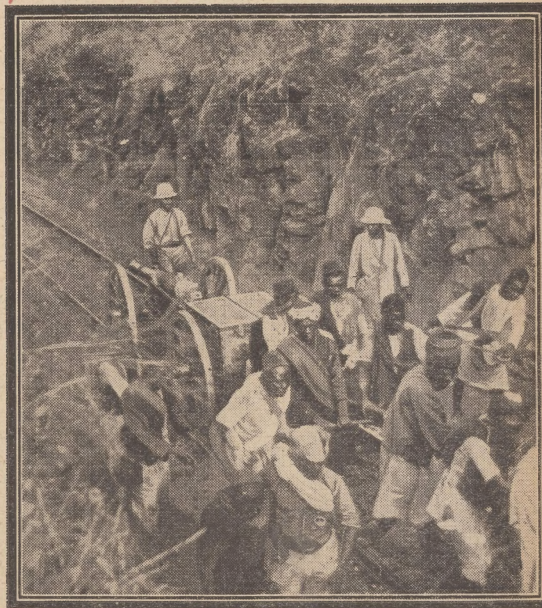


British blockhouse defended by barbed-wire entanglements.

Handling ammunition in the firing line before the blockhouse.



Nature made these East African trenches for our soldiers.



Bringing a gun into action by rail.

While it is natural that our thoughts should be chiefly centred in the great war raging in Europe, we should not forget the desperate and isolated campaigns Britain is waging against Germany at the outposts of Empire. These photographs illustrate

the fierce fighting in British East Africa. Here the conditions are very different from those in Europe, but the nature of the country makes transport exceedingly difficult. Much of the defence work has been done by splendidly-protected blockhouses.

RATHER GIVE UP FOOD THAN COAL.

Poor People Go to Bed Earlier
Owing to High Prices of Fuel.

BUYING 7LB. AT A TIME.

"The grim spectre of a coal famine is haunting the homes of the London poor, who, owing to the present high prices, are now compelled to buy their coal in smaller quantities than ever.

"Housewives who, up till three weeks ago, bought 28lb. of coal at a time, are now buying only 14lb., and keeping smoldering fires to make the fuel last as long as possible.

"So keenly is the 'pinch' felt that many people are going to bed earlier to save the expense of the firing."

Such is the statement, based upon direct information, of an old-established coal merchant who has lived in the borough of Southwark for over sixty years.

"The poor in this neighbourhood, who live in small, jerry-built houses where windows and doors in ill-fitting frames admit draughts of cold air, suffer terribly," he told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

PREFER TO GIVE UP FOOD.

"Few people realise how the poor feel the cold. Many of my customers who come shivering to the door when I call tell me they preferred to go without food than without fire," he said, and as he spoke heavy flakes of snow were falling in the streets.

"No doubt a closer understanding between the leading members of the London Coal Exchange has had much to do with the very high price of coal to-day."

"But there are many things which do not seem to have received consideration."

"It must be remembered that last summer was a very bad one for the coal merchant."

"In the long spell of fine warm weather there were hosts of people who only used a gas stove, and there is no doubt the introduction of gas stoves in the houses of the poor has hit the London coal merchant extremely hard."

FEWER WORKING IN PITS.

"Yet all through the summer," continued *The Daily Mirror's* informant, "the coal merchant has to keep his staff, and so when he gets a chance he puts up the prices."

"Owing to the war there have been fewer men at work in the pits and on the railways, and the supply has been held up by the troops and the military stores. Shipping freights and insurance rates have also advanced."

"On the top of all this there is a closer understanding amongst some of the leading men in the trade, and working together they run the prices up between them."

Coal was being sold in South-East London yesterday at the following prices:—

	Per cwt.
Southwark	2s. 0d. and 2s. 1d.
Bermondsey	2s. 0d. and 2s. 1d.
Deptford	2s. 0d.

For smaller quantities of coal the prices yesterday and those before the outbreak of war were as follow:—

	Yesterday.	Before the War.
7lb.	11d.	11d.
14lb.	3d.	2d.

The high price of coal was referred to by Mr. J. Broome Martin yesterday in presiding at the meeting of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation. He said the prices should not stand nearly as high as they do. The difficulty was purely one of transport.

SMUGGLED BELGIAN LACE.

Work Which Can Never Be Reproduced on
Sale at Wonderful Exhibition.

"To be sold for the benefit of British soldiers blinded in the war."

So runs the description in the catalogue of a picture on sale at the Anglo-Belgian Exhibition, at the Grafton Galleries, which opens to-day.

The exhibition has been arranged by the Women's International Art Club, and is to be opened by Princess Clementine of Belgium.

Priceless old lace is being exhibited by Englishwomen who have lent their collections, but a great deal of lovely lace is to be sold belonging to the Belgian workers.

The Daily Mirror was told that some of it has been smuggled out of Belgium.

The best of these laces can never be reproduced, even if the workers were to go back to Belgium, as the same pattern is never used twice.

Belgian laces can be bought from a shilling to £100 a piece.

The money obtained by the exhibition is to be divided between the Belgian Relief Fund and the Queen's Work for Women Fund.

CONCEALED COPPER CARGO.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 24.—The *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant*, says:—

"The Rhine steamer *Hanna*, with a cargo of phosphate, has been arrested."

Shortly before she was due to leave Rotterdam police and Customs officials searched the ship. They detected hidden under the phosphate five tons of copper, including 3,000 painted bullets.

The shipper, the proprietor of the ship and some other persons have been arrested.—*Reuter*.

MOTHER'S GRAVE AS BANK

Woman Explains Why She Buried
£1,200 in Cemetery.

"ONLY SAFE PLACE IN WORLD."

A remarkable story of a widow's hoard of banknotes which she buried in her mother's grave was a feature of a case heard yesterday by Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury.

The plaintiff was Mrs. Emily Hague, widow of the late Dr. Samuel Hague, who practised in Camberwell, and the defendant, Mr. Thomas Bidwell Benton, of Palace-road, Streatham.

Mrs. Hague, who now lives at St. Thomas-mansions, S.W., claimed a balance of money alleged to have been lent to the defendant. Mr. Benton denied that anything was due, and alleged that Mrs. Hague had obtained certain documents from him by threats. This she denied.

Mr. Lewis Thomas said that Mrs. Hague made advances to the defendant from banknotes, which, to the extent of £1,000, she kept in a tin box that she buried about six or eight inches beneath the ground of her mother's grave at Forest Hill, covering the place with flowers.

Giving evidence, Mrs. Hague said it was a custom in her family to hoard money secretly. Witness said there was £1,900 hoarded up when her second husband (a doctor) died. "My predecessor, the first Mrs. Hague," added the plaintiff, "used to store her money in gold, but I thought notes better because they were not so heavy."

Counsel: Why did you not invest the money or place it in a bank on deposit so that it could earn interest—I could have done so, but it would not have been so safe as if it were buried. The Judge suggested the safety of Consols but Mrs. Hague said she had a painful recollection of them. She bought some at 82 in 1903 and they immediately dropped to 71.

Mrs. Hague then described how she buried the money—about £1,200, including some notes for £50. The notes were buried in a simple biscuit tin with some waterproof sheeting, and she wrote out some instructions for her son in case she died. This was buried with the money.

Her stepson was with her when she first put the tin in the grave, because she was obliged to take someone into her confidence about it, otherwise she might have died and the money have been lost.

Counsel: What was your object in burying this money in your mother's grave?—It was the only safe spot on earth that I knew of. My husband had lost many thousands of pounds in investments.

Mrs. Hague said this money was buried for some years, and when she wanted to lend money to Mr. Benton she went to the biscuit box for it.

The hearing was adjourned.

GOLDEN HALO ON SNOW.

Sunshine Streaming on Mantle of White
Makes the Country a Fairyland.

Bright sunshine, blue skies and snow—such was the fairy-like picture of the countryside yesterday.

In some parts of Kent and the suburbs of London generally there were between two and three inches of snow in the morning.

Although it was thawing underfoot a white mantle of snow remained on the trees and fields, giving the country a charming Christmas card effect.

The sun shone for the greater part of the day and a fresh, crisp breeze sent the tiny white clouds scurrying across the blue sky.

It was a day for hard exercise out of doors, and nobody enjoyed the cold, invigorating weather better than the thousands of recruits in training.

In London there were frequent slight falls of snow, varied with spells of summer sunshine. It was like alternate "doses" of December and May.

At 1 p.m. yesterday the temperature in Central London was 37deg.—5deg. above freezing-point.

JOYS OF 'FRIED FISH DAY.'

Tommies' Rush for Snack at Kitchen
on Wheels in France.

"HELP YOURSELF CANTEEN."

To supply hot soup, porridge, cocoa and occasionally fried fish and chip potatoes at the lowest possible cost to British "Tommies" in France—that is the object of the Holland Field Kitchen, a sort of glorified London coffee-stall, which is now at Havre.

Organised a little more than a month ago, this kitchen on wheels can provide food and drink (the price of almost everything is only one halfpenny) for 250 men at a time. The War Office granted the necessary permission for the vehicle to go to France, and has offered the use of horses while it is in that country.

Writing from Havre, a correspondent gives this interesting account of how the coffee-stall is appreciated by our soldiers:—

Last Monday was "fried fish day." A large quantity of fish and potatoes were fried at the coffee-stall just as they are in the London shops. A wonderful, appetising smell soon began to permeate Havre, and the privilege of this soup is the best thing I have tasted for many a long day. If anybody ever says anything against it just send for me, and—I'll soon make short work of him!"

When the men have tea they are allowed to help themselves to milk and sugar, and because of this they have nick-named the stall "Help-Yourself Canteen." The privilege has never yet been abused, although thousands of men have been allowed free use of milk and sugar.

Hot soup and porridge is very popular at night. One man just back from the trenches came up to Mrs. Holland, who is managing the stall, the other evening and said: "Missus, this soup is the best thing I have tasted for many a long day. If anybody ever says anything against it just send for me, and—I'll soon make short work of him!"

It is probable that, later on, the Holland Field Kitchen may leave Havre and go to other parts of France.

"LADY OF THE LAMP."

Quiet Early Morning Unveiling of the Memorial
to Florence Nightingale.

Amid snowy scenes the memorial to Florence Nightingale in Waterloo-place was unveiled at half-past seven yesterday morning.

No ceremony could have been more unostentatious. When three workmen from the Office of Works arrived with a handcart and a few ladders, the statue of the "Lady of the Lamp," swathed in canvas, was covered with snow.

Ladders were placed against it, snow was shaken from the covering, the cords were pulled, and the memorial disclosed.

The workmen departed as quietly as they came.

The base of the statue is of grey granite, and the upper half of red granite, on which are four bronze panels. Two of them show Miss Nightingale in the hospital at Scutari; another shows her among a group of nurses, and the other bears her name and the date of her birth and death.

The statue itself, which is of bronze and is 9ft. high, shows her with an oil cruse in her right hand, as she might be walking through the ward of the hospital. The sculptor is Mr. A. G. Walker.

Declaring that he was the murderer of the woman whose body was found in Hyde Park with bayonet wounds, a man gave himself up early yesterday at the Cannon-row Police Station.

The man was detained pending a full investigation of his story, but the police discredit his confession.

HYDE PARK MYSTERY.

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The man was detained pending a full investigation of his story, but the police discredit his confession.

WAR SNAPSHOT THAT WILL WIN £1,000.

How "The Daily Mirror's" Offer
Will Stimulate Photography.

AMATEURS' CHANCE.

One thousand pounds for a war photograph! *The Daily Mirror* is going to pay that sum, the largest ever offered for a news picture in the history of illustrated journalism, for the most interesting snapshot of a war happening received and published by the Editor between now and July 31.

£250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and £100 for the third. And all other photographs used will be well paid for.

The Editor's decision shall be final.

FILMS DEVELOPED FREE.

The offer is open to all those at the front or on the high seas who may witness interesting war happenings.

The Daily Mirror, the premier picture newspaper of the world, always has paid handsomely for exclusive photographs of interesting news events, and the above offer of £1,000 for one war photograph creates a new record in photograph values.

Anybody with a camera and the opportunity may obtain £1,000, £250 or £100 by the pressure of a button.

Films will be developed free of charge. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London.

PICTURE RECORD OF HISTORY.

Further tribute to the enterprise of *The Daily Mirror* in making this magnificent offer was paid yesterday by Mr. John McIntosh, the secretary of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain.

"*The Daily Mirror* is displaying an enterprise and generous spirit that is most praiseworthy," he said.

"The offer will be hailed with enthusiasm by our members—many of whom are amateurs—and tens of thousands of photographic enthusiasts throughout the country generally."

"It will help to make—no, rather, to record—history effectively on new and indisputable lines, and it will have the effect of benefiting photography in every direction."

"Thousands of amateur photographers who abandoned their practice of the art on account of the war will now have their enthusiasm revived by the incentive of your splendid offer."

"The prizes are handsome, the offer is a sporting one—and Englishmen are keen on sporting offers."

"It will undoubtedly stimulate all camera-users to make the best use of their opportunities to take war pictures."

"And if they do not win one of the liberal prizes or are not used by *The Daily Mirror* they will still remain exceptionally interested in photographs of historical value."

"Your offer, too, will result in raising a new army of amateur photographers who would not otherwise have been attracted to the art."

"I have no doubt," added Mr. McIntosh, "that many members of the Royal Photographic Society will be spurred to emulate the adventurous spirit of a former secretary of the society, Mr. Roger Fenton, who employed photography in the Crimean War and published a very handsome volume of pictures actually taken at the war—a wonderful event in those days."

"His photographs included a view of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, taken immediately after the famous charge."

ARREST IN THE NIGHT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUBLIN, Feb. 24.—The police at two o'clock this morning arrested John Hegarty, formerly a clerk in the Cork Post Office and an officer of the Irish Volunteers, at his house at Ennis-corthy, Co. Wexford.

In various rooms the police found three and a half yards of fuses, a number of caps for fuses, 1,200 rounds of rifle ammunition and a few rifles.

Hegarty was brought to Dublin by motor-car and lodged in Arbour Hill Military Barracks, where a court-martial will be held.

IRISH DIVORCE BILL.

A Bill entitled "an Act to dissolve the marriage of Phyllis Denny, of Claverdon Hall, in the County Warwick, with Gerald Henry Maynard Denny, her husband, and to enable her to marry again," has been presented to the House of Lords and will come before the Law Lords on second reading for the hearing of evidence on Tuesday, March 9.

The matter comes before their lordships from the King's Bench, the Division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland.

RISE IN U.S.A. EXPORTS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Exports for January amounted to \$29,000,000 as against \$21,200,000 for January, 1914. For seven months the exports were \$127,800,000 as against \$147,400,000 for the previous period.—Exchange Special.



Lord Charles Boreford in conversation with a lady friend while riding in Rotten Row yesterday.

"GRAVEST INCIDENTS" MAY FOLLOW BERLIN'S DEADLOCK WITH U.S.A.

Everything Hanging On Tact of Submarine Commanders.

AMERICANS UNEASY IN GERMANY.

Another U.S.A. Steamer Sunk by a Mine in the North Sea.

BRITISH SHIPS TORPEDOED IN THE CHANNEL.

Negotiations between Berlin and Washington regarding Germany's war zone proclamation are said to have reached a deadlock.

America, it is understood, has definitely rejected the German suggestion that warships of the United States should convey American merchant ships in the "blockade" war zone. There was a long interview yesterday in Berlin between the American Ambassador and the Imperial Chancellor, and so critical is the position, it is stated, that the gravest incidents involving a rupture between Berlin and Washington may happen at any minute.

It is pointed out that everything depends on the "discretion" of German submarine commanders.

A further Note from President Wilson was received in London last night, and was submitted to the Foreign Office.

This Note is believed to contain informal proposals concerning the attitude of Britain towards food supplies sent into Germany.

Early this morning it was reported that another British steamer had been torpedoed in the Channel with a loss of three lives. Yesterday ended the first week of the pirates' war, their victims being five neutral ships, six British ships and one French ship.

BERLIN AND WASHINGTON REACH DEADLOCK?

"Rupture May Happen at Any Minute"—Chancellor Goes to the Kaiser.

Telegraphing from Amsterdam yesterday afternoon, the Exchange Telegraph Company's late Berlin correspondent says that Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, had a long interview with the Imperial Chancellor yesterday morning.

It is believed that he handed America's reply to the latest German Note.

The Chancellor has had several audiences of the Kaiser.

Yesterday the feeling in Berlin seemed to be that negotiations between Germany and America had now reached a deadlock.

Both parties are adhering obstinately to their former views, but the gravest incidents involving a rupture between Berlin and Washington may happen at any minute, everything depending on the discretion of the commanders of the German submarines.

Considerable uneasiness prevails among the American colonies in Berlin, Dresden and Munich.

"NO" REPLY TO BERLIN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—It is unofficially reported to-day that the State Department has forwarded another Note to Berlin in regard to the war zone proclamation.

It is understood that the new Note definitely rejects the German proposal that United States warships should convey American merchant vessels in the prohibited waters and reiterates the intention of the United States to remain firm in the position adopted in the first Note to Germany.—Central News.

EMBARGO ON FOOD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The United States Government has made informal proposals to Great Britain and Germany suggesting bases for an understanding concerning foodstuffs intended for the civilian populations, and also concerning submarine warfare against merchantmen.

The proposals have been guarded with the utmost secrecy.

Nothing relating to their nature is being revealed, and officials are reluctant to discuss the subject owing to the delicacy of the negotiations.

It is known, however, that they are of far-reaching importance. They were embodied in confidential memoranda, which President Wilson instructed Mr. Page, the United States Ambassador in London, and Mr. Gerard, the United States Ambassador in Berlin, to take up informally with the British and German Foreign Offices, declaring at the

same time that they were in no sense replies to the Notes of Great Britain and Germany, although relating to the same subject.—Reuter.

A further Note from President Wilson was received in London yesterday, the Central News understands, and was submitted last night to the Foreign Office.

The contents of the Note are as yet secret, but it is believed that it contains informal proposals concerning the British attitude towards foodstuffs going into Germany.

U.S.A. SHIP SUNK BY MINE

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—The American steamer Carib, which struck a mine in the North Sea yesterday and sank off the German coast, carried 4,600 bales of cotton, which was insured by the United States Government Bureau for \$37,170.

The hull of the steamer was insured for £4,450. With the loss of the Evelyn the Government Bureau will probably have to pay an aggregate of £131,800.

This amount is equal to the total of the premiums which the Bureau has collected up to date.—Reuter.

'TIME FOR NORWAY TO ACT.'

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 24.—The sinking of a third Norwegian ship, the Regin, by a German submarine off the English coast has caused enormous excitement in Norway.

The *Morgenbladet*, the leading paper of Christiania, says:—

"We have made great advances in friendliness towards Germany, but Germany's reply has been to sink out Norwegian ships in particular as victims of German torpedoes."

No further investigation is necessary after this latest instance. It is now time for Norway to act.

"Until a satisfactory explanation is given all Norwegian exports to Germany will be stopped as a matter of course."—Central News.

STEAMER TORPEDOED OFF BEACHY HEAD.

Three of Crew of London-Owned Ship Killed —Two Injured Landed on Stretchers.

News reached London early this morning that another British ship has been torpedoed in the Channel.

The steamer Harpalion, bound from London for Newport (U.S.A.), carrying no cargo, was attacked by a submarine off Beachy Head.

The steamer was struck by a torpedo amidships, and three Chinese members of the crew were killed.

Two other men who were scalded were brought ashore on stretchers at Newhaven. Forty-one members of the crew were landed in all.

The Harpalion, a steel steamer of 5,866 tons, was built at Hartlepool in 1910. She was owned by Messrs. Charles Harrison and Co., of London.

ATTACKED OFF EASTBOURNE.

Another small steamer, the Roy Parana, sank in the Channel off Eastbourne yesterday and it is believed that she was torpedoed.

The Roy Parana was laden with coal. The crew of thirty-one were taken to Newhaven by a torpedo-boat. Lifeboats also went to the rescue.

The captain and crew of the steamer Oakby, which was torpedoed in the Channel, were landed at Dover yesterday.

The Oakby was in ballast bound from London to Cardiff, and was torpedoed on the previous day near the Royal Sovereign light.

No warning of the attack was given, and the sea was calm at the time, the sun shining brilliantly.

The captain of the Oakby stated yesterday:—

"I did not see the submarine. I was on the

bridge at the time of the attack, and I saw the wake of a torpedo which struck amidships."

The force of the explosion was tremendous, and I was knocked down and partially stunned."

The Oakby was at once turned in the direction of Dover, and made slow progress till off Folkestone, where she sank. Her stern was well out of the water and could be seen quite plainly from the shore at Folkestone.

[The Oakby, a steel screw steamer of 1,976 tons gross, was built at Stockton in 1897, and owned by R. Roper and Co., of that place.]

FEARED LOSS OF BRITISH ARMED LINER.

Admiralty Statement on Fruitless Search for Clan McNaughton.

The Secretary of the Admiralty regrets to announce that H.M.S. Clan McNaughton, armed merchant cruiser (Commander Robert Jeffreys, R.N.), has been missing since February 3, and it is feared that the vessel has been lost.

Unsuccessful search was made, and wreckage supposed to be portions of this ship has since been discovered.

The last signal received from the Clan McNaughton was made in the early morning of February 3, and it is feared that she was lost during the bad weather which prevailed at that time.

LOST 3,000 MEN IN ATTACK

PARIS, Feb. 24.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:

On the Aisne artillery duels occasionally fairly lively and favourable to us.

In Champagne, to the north of Mesnil, we have made fresh progress and repelled several counter-attacks.

Our artillery on the Heights of the Meuse has reduced several German batteries to silence.

Supplementary reports emphasise the special importance of our success at Les Eparges and the extent of the enemy's losses. On a very small section of the line carried by us we have already found over 600 German killed.

According to prisoners captured after the action, the two regiments driven from their positions by our attack lost over 3,000 men—that is to say, more than half of their strength.

We have progressed in the Bois Brule (Forest of Apremont).—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—The following French communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

There is nothing important to report since yesterday evening's communiqué apart from some successful actions by our troops in the direction of Auberville-sur-Suippe and a fresh advance north of Perthes.—Central News.

BRITISH OUTWIT ENEMY.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—A dispatch from Saint Pol describes a British success in the Giverny neighbourhood in which the enemy were cleverly outwitted.

The British artillery began a heavy bombardment of some German trenches at four o'clock in the morning, making several big gaps in the enemy's lines.

Then, notwithstanding a hot reply from the German artillery, the British infantry advanced boldly to the assault of a couple of trenches.

The attack was successful, but on entering the captured trenches the British found that they had been mined.

They thereupon counter-mined the trenches and, pretending to retreat, withdrew slightly until the Germans came and reoccupied their trenches.

The British then fired their mines and blew up the trenches with their occupants.—Central News.

P. 17043



A volunteer, aged fourteen, who is in the German Army. He is wearing the skin cap of the famous Death's Head Hussars, which is decorated with a skull and crossbones. The regiment is one of the Kaiser's favourites.

OLD MAN WHO BEAT FOE SINGLE-HANDED.

Germans Flooded Out of Trenches by Aged Lock-Keeper—Secret of Yser Dykes.

ENEMY'S BITTER HATRED.

The old Belgian watermen who hold the secret of the Yser waters that helped to stop the German advance on Calais are mentioned in "Eye-Witness's" latest narrative from the front.

"The scientific flooding of the exact extent of country which it is desired to render impassable to the enemy involves," he explains, "a high degree of skill and local knowledge in the manipulation of the locks with reference to the varying factors of tide and wind, and the opening of particular dykes to flood certain areas."

"It is an art possessed in its perfection by only a few old watermen, and it is said that it was due to the knowledge and experience of one of them that the Belgians were enabled to flood the German trenches while still keeping the water out of their own."

DRAMA OF A TRENCH.

From February 14 to 17 heavy fighting, "Eye-Witness" says, was almost continuous.

Wishing to know whether certain trenches had been occupied by our troops after a fight which had taken place on the 17th, two officers set out at night.

They soon came on a communication trench which appeared to run in the required direction and walked down it. The first thing they came upon was a dug-out with a candle burning in it and a quantity of German equipment.

Thinking that this might have been captured, they continued their way down the trench, first, however, taking the precaution to blow out the candle. Presently they came upon a trench running at right angles to the one they were in.

No sooner had they entered it than they were challenged sharply by a German, a shower of bullets followed, and a race ensued for the exit, both the pursuers and pursued floundering in the mud and dodging round the corners.

Fortunately the night was dark and the Englishmen escaped unhurt after several minutes spent in the enemy's fire trenches surrounded on all sides by Germans.

"NO ENGLISH PRISONERS."

Speaking of the foe's bitter hatred of the British, "Eye-Witness" says:—

A few days ago beyond our right flank the Germans shouted to the French that they had no desire to fight them, and that the English were their only enemies.

After the capture of the German position in the Cunchy brickfields a German was found on an officer who contained reference to an order stating that no prisoners were to be taken by the front line when attacking.

The phrase was ambiguous and did not necessarily mean anything more than that the attacking line was not to stop to take prisoners, but it allowed of another interpretation.

In the case of the particular regiment referred to suspicions are aroused by the fact that some time ago the colonel gave orders that no English prisoners were wanted.

RUSSIANS CUT WAY OUT OF Foe's TRAP.

Three German Lines of Trenches Captured on Almost Sheer Precipice.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 24.—The following communiqué was published to-day from the Headquarters Staff:—

There were actions yesterday to the north of Grodno, near Iastrzenba and Stabine.

In the Auguski Forest two regiments of the 22nd Division broke through the enemy's lines and rejoined our troops.

Enemy patrols are endeavouring to cross to the right bank of the Niemen. The battle on the right bank of the Narva is extending.

The Germans are making continuous attacks all along the front from the Boor, in the district of Edravino, as far as the Vistula, in the region of Bodzanoff.

In the Prasnysch region the fighting is becoming extremely severe.

On the left of the Vistula we repelled weak attacks by the enemy on the village of Bogusloff, west of Opotchno and Lopoushko.

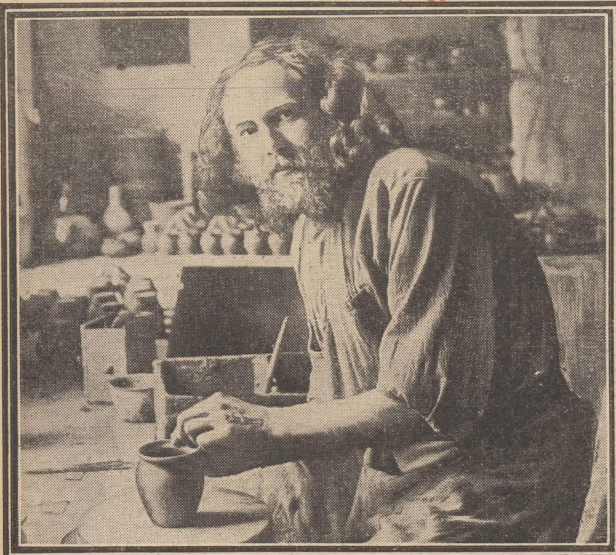
In the Carpathians there has been desperate fighting to the east of Lupkoff.

In the region of Mukunkaz our troops have had a series of successes.

Near Zavada at daybreak on February 22 we captured three lines of trenches on Height 901, which is almost a sheer precipice. The Germans defending the height were killed or made prisoners.

On the Dolina-Galitz roads our operations yesterday arrested the offensive of important enemy forces.—Reuter.

The 28th Division belongs to the corps which was surrounded during the retreat from East Prussia.

PASSION PLAYER TO FIGHT ON SKIS. P. 20 B

Anton Lang, the peasant who played the part of Christus in the last Ober Ammergau Passion play, has joined the new corps of soldiers on skis which the Germans have formed to fight the French in the Vosges. Anton Lang is a potter by trade.

JOCKEY WEDS. P. 400 B

Mr. Fred Templeman.



Miss Beatrice Bathurst, who is to marry Mr. Fred Templeman, the popular jockey, to-day.



Three Famous Beautifiers

—all British, too.

No toilet articles in the world —no matter what you pay for them—can do more for you than the famous British-made **Icilma Preparations**. The reason is that they alone contain the wonderful **Icilma Natural Water** from the natural spring. This stimulates the skin and thus brings out its full natural beauty—it is the only thing known that can do this.

The Icilma way is the easy way to beauty.

Just one minute—two or three times daily—spent in rubbing into the skin and complexion a little of the fragrant and non-greasy **ICILMA CREAM** will make them exquisitely soft and smooth, and of good colour—and keep them so.

Just five minutes spent in dusting a little **ICILMA HAIR POWDER** over the head and vigorously brushing it out again will cleanse the hair from dust and grease and leave it bright and attractive. This without any trouble, without wetting the hair, without risk of catching cold.

And washing the hair with **ICILMA SHAMPOO SACHETS** is far more satisfactory than with ordinary shampoos. Actual tests prove that none of their many imitations can cleanse and beautify the hair so well—but more than this, **ICILMA SHAMPOO SACHETS** are the *only* wet shampoos that actually help the hair to grow and prevent falling. Their delightful perfume of sweet violet root gives fragrance to the hair.

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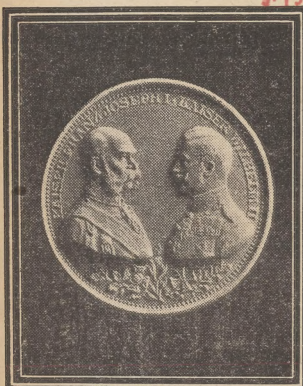
Toilet Preparations

Use them daily and look your best.

Icilma Cream, 1/- and 1/6 per pot. **Icilma Shampoo Sachets**, 2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-. **Icilma Hair Powder**, 2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-, large box, 1/6. **Icilma Nail Powder**, special advertising price, 6d. *Of Chemists and Stores everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.*

TEST THEM FREE.

On receipt of 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing we will send an **Icilma Toilet Outfit** containing the three preparations described above, a supply of **Icilma Nail Powder** and a copy of the **Icilma Beauty Book**. **Icilma Company, Ltd.** (Dept. B), 37, 39, 41, King's Rd., St. Pancras, London, N.W.

PLEDGE OF GUILT P. 73

War medal struck by Germany to commemorate her alliance with Austria.

INDIAN "SISTER SUSIES" BUSY KNITTING. P. 1019

A group of Gurkha women of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides knitting socks and sewing shirts for their men at the front. All the women of the Empire are patriotic.

SERBIAN WOMEN'S GENEROSITY TO AUSTRIAN WOUNDED. P. 1199 F

The Austrians in their retreat usually leave their wounded behind them, and the photograph illustrates the women of Serbia bringing wounded Austrians in oxen transports to a hospital. The Serbian women have proved themselves humane.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

HOW TO ANSWER THE QUESTION

IN ALL CONVERSATIONS amongst non-combatants for the last six months, the ways inevitably led to one searching question.

Few have the fortitude to resist asking it, though all know perfectly well that the answer cannot be authoritative. When the New Year came, we made an excellent resolution—not to ask this question. And we have not asked it. We have not asked it for nearly two months. Instead, in any non-combatant company, we find ourselves feebly hoping that somebody else will ask it, in order that we may hear what the varying answers will be. Somebody else always does ask it. And we have the momentary satisfaction, the fruitless pleasure, of falling once more into the old discussion about "how long the war will last."

"Tell me: How long do you think the war will last?"

This is the question we are determined to defeat.

We will subdue the impulse leading to it. We will struggle against it, and swallow it down. As we begin to ask it, we will suddenly divert it and ask about the weather instead.

Because this question is, in this time of prolonged effort and postponed satisfaction, very clearly the equivalent of that uttered by the man who on a long walk keeps on asking: "When shall we be there?" or murmurs "When shall we get something to drink?" as thirst comes upon him, or grumbles he's hungry when there's no procurable food for miles further on his march. Nice men don't weary the others by such talk. They march on. Ask your friend the recruit when he thinks the war will be over: "Can't say," is all he answers and thinks no more about it. It is the best answer.

The worst answer, perhaps, is that optimistic one which keeps prophesying an early break-up of Germany. "The war will be over by the summer." There is absolutely no sign of any such thing, and those who out of kindness of heart anticipate this summer ending only spread about the impression that "it's not worth while joining now because we shan't be wanted." It may be that you will not be wanted if you do join—not wanted for France. But most certainly you will be, you are, wanted now, in order that you may, everybody—may not be wanted later on. You are wanted to set others free to go. Above all, you, in endless numbers, are wanted to make it quite certain we mean to fight on until a peace that will really be peace is extorted from the country that has made its boast and trade, its pride and happiness, of war. At any moment the braggart may begin to wail and complain somebody's hitting him. But only the certain conviction in the war-braggart's intelligence that his adversary means business will get him to see sense. He will go on till we show him that we mean to go on, if necessary, for ever. So there, in two-words, or four, is the answer to our now forbidden question "How long do you think the war will last?" "If necessary, for ever." W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs?—George Eliot.

THE TREASURES.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends. Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The great, good man? Three treasures—love and light, And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath; And three firm friends, more sure than day or night—Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

MATRIMONY.

YOUR correspondent, Ellis Robinson, who defends marriage, cannot have it both ways. If it is a man's duty to the State, then it must be arranged on a businesslike plan, and there is no room for sentiment or such nonsensical talk as that of "the sweet harmony of souls."

I should like to know exactly how many men marry simply from a stern sense of duty, and how many for their own selfish personal reasons. DUTY.

YOUR correspondent would do well to reflect a little before characterising views other than his own as "simply painful."

He considers every Benedict should recognise

tailors for ladies in the West End, who makes for most of the racing world.

He says no smart woman will change her well-cut narrow skirt for any dressmaker's new fashion.

SPORTSWOMAN.
The Ladies' Army and Navy Club, Burlington-gardens.

IF The threatened revival of the full-skirt is really going to cause a rebellion against the decrees of fashion, one may look forward to even more radical improvements in the world of dress. Women may turn eventually to robes of Grecian simplicity, so that physical development may not be retarded. Even men may abandon multiplicity of detail, wearing a single garment of the "sweater" type instead of coat, waist-

WHERE AND WHEN TO KNIT.



Everybody who isn't fighting is knitting. The habit ought to prove a godsend to fill up the time in any of the inevitable delays and vacant moments of modern life.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

(a) that he was created mainly to beget children; (b) that he owes it to his country to produce "eugenic" offspring. Such fervent dicta bestir him into condemnation of nineteen out of twenty bachelors as disgraceful backstairs intriguers.

It does not, of course, occur to him that he is advancing a very strong argument in favour of polygamy, the idea of which hardly commends itself to everyone. SPINSTER.

NO FULL SKIRTS!

IF THE new skirt is two and a half to three yards round the hem, and six inches from the ground it will be a perfectly healthy skirt, giving the wearer grace and freedom of movement, which the hobble skirt has debared her from, apart from the numerous accidents it has caused. COURT DRESSMAKER.

AS A hunting woman and follower of all sports, I certainly never intend to revert to the full skirt, and I feel sure all my sister sports-women will refuse to do so.

I always wear the best tailor makes. To-day I was talking to one of the smartest

coat, collar and tie. Who knows but what men and women may in time reach a Thoreau-like stage when their ambition will be to wear out one costume before buying another, and to judge less by patches on garments than by stains on character.

Why, the world may be fit to live in some day, one thinks!

But stay—what is this whisper of knee-brace-lets? I and my hopes must retire: this is, after all, no place for us. SARTORIS.

INVISIBLE POLICEMEN.

A TAXI-DRIVER was telling me how difficult it is at night time to recognise a policeman when he is holding up the traffic.

My friend says motor-drivers are often almost on top of these men before they can see them on account of the semi-darkness, the constable's dark clothing, etc.

Why not reverse the position of the officer's lamp. Replace the clear glass by a red one, and fit the lamp with an electric bulb, so that when holding up the traffic it would be a simple matter for the policeman to switch on the danger-light fitted at the back of his belt. A. J. D.

RECRUITING ROMANCE

How Good Fiction in Khaki Might Help Us in This War.

"SOMETHING TO READ."

YOUR correspondent, who signs himself "A Reader of Your Serials," voices a real need when he demands literature giving the human side of this great crisis.

May I, as an occasional reader of *The Daily Mirror*, venture to suggest that not only in serials, but short stories in our weeklies and monthlies, writers would do well if they were to dip more and more freely into the vast quantity of material lying ready to their hand, or rather their brain and pen.

Your trenchant leader, "Fed-Uppishness," itself indicates a prolific source of profitable fiction based on fact in the decidedly topical subject of "Billets." Indeed, we might quite reasonably look for treatment of this theme from the immortal W. W. Jacobs, who, it is to be presumed, will be "fed-up" with the doings of the night watchman. "Billets" would be an admirable title for a volume of short stories and "Seaside Billets" for another.

The possibilities are practically endless.—e.g.: 1. The action and reaction of recruits on one another's nerves suggested by your quotation, "There's one chap in our billet whom I shall brain soon if we don't leave before long."

2. The problem of the girl he left behind him who may be courted by "some beggar" billeted in his home.

3. The superior attractions of the girl in his present billet.

4. The unmerciful chaffing and "rotting" of fellow-soldiers in billets that, it is to be feared, often goes on.

5. The unexpected meeting in billets of old acquaintances whom, perhaps, one has lost sight of for years.

6. The reformation of a man unaddicted to the use of soap and water and with bad table-manners by superior numbers.

And so on.

Let us hope that Messrs. Barry Pain, H. G. Wells, E. Ansley, etc., etc., will soon get to work on this all-absorbing idea of billets and billeting, and there will be no lack of healthy and amusing literature for our wounded and convalescent soldiers and sailors.

A LOVER OF SHORT STORIES.

RECRUITING BY ROMANCE.

Recruiting by fiction is a good idea!

Surely nothing appeals to the imagination of a young man like a fine rousing story. Surely, therefore, a fine story about this war, or the problems that arise in connection with it, will enormously stimulate us in raising the new armies.

Do not let us feed ourselves with billets. The war will not end this spring. We want to build up our reserves so as to send more and more men to France. I think some good fiction written round the subject would help enormously. I shall look forward to seeing how your new serial tackles the problem on Monday.

I anticipate something very original and well adapted to these times of stress and struggle in our national life.

Past Sixty.
Putney Hill.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 24.—It is a great pity the early spring-flowering heaths are not more grown, for from now until the end of March they make a beautiful display.

They are useful for massing on sunny banks or the rocky, or they may be used for planting at the margin of a rhododendron or azalea bed. Camea (rosy-red) blooms a little later than hydriza (rosy-pink), which often begins flowering in November.

Although most heathers will only do well in peat, the two kinds just mentioned flourish in any fairly light soil, providing it does not get too

E. F. T.

SERBIAN ARTILLERY ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

P. 133 B



The Serbian artillery is again showing remarkable activity against the Austrians. The batteries of this plucky little nation are moved from point to point with wonderful rapidity. Time after time they have made the Austrian positions untenable. In the photograph a portion of a Serbian battery is seen moving over very rough and difficult country to reach a fresh scene of the conflict.

SINGAPORE RIOT.

P. 494 A



One of the Singapore Volunteers who quelled the riot which broke out in a native Indian regiment through private dissatisfactions.

LORD SHAW ILL.

P. 923 E



Lord Shaw, the famous Scottish Judge, has been taken seriously ill. He was formerly a keen politician.

TAKING ROUND RATATIONS.

P. 330 J



A corporal and his men going round Luton to the various billets with consignments of the day's food. This visit is eagerly looked forward to by the men in training.

TAKING DINNER THROUGH THE TRENCHES.

P. 341



A party of French troops wading through the mud of the trenches and carrying with them the dinners of their comrades who are holding back the enemies of France in the firing line. The tins contain a favourite French soup.

LADY ST. OSWALD

P. 1993



Lady St. Oswald, who is lying seriously ill at her house in Hill-street, London. Her condition yesterday was unchanged.—(Photograph by Lafayette.)

A RUSSIAN V.C.

P. 1704 2



Mr. Sack-Sommer, a Londoner and an old Estonian, who is the first Englishman to be awarded the St. George's Cross, the Russian V.C.

PARSON'S

P. 1704 2



Lieutenant C. T. Newington, before the war was the Military Cross. He is in the 4th R.

£1,200 IN A GRAVE

P. 17042



Mrs. Emily Hague, who, during a lawsuit in which she is plaintiff, explained why she buried about £1,200 in her mother's grave. A report appears on another page.

ONE OF THE BRITISH ENGINES OF DEATH.

g. 325 F



One of the British armoured trains, which have done such wonderful work in Europe and in Africa, crossing a bridge in British East Africa. Natives by the wayside are very much astonished by these grim looking engines of destruction. The armoured train has proved itself one of the most mobile and effective modern weapons of warfare, especially in British hands.

WHEN "TOMMY" SURRENDERS.

g. 328 c



Here is a party of British troops, from the University and Public Schools' Brigade, in the very act of surrendering to the foe. They are smiling, too. But look at the enemy!

JACK: A MASCOT.

g. 236 S



This is little Jack, the jackdaw mascot of H.M.S. Agamemnon. The men on board call him "our sightsetter."

LADY ST. OSWALD.

P. 1853



Lady St. Oswald, who is lying seriously ill at her house in Hill-street. Her condition yesterday was unchanged.—(Lafayette.)

CROSS.



Maclean, who as a curate at been awarded s for Valour. Royal Fusiliers.

PRIVATE ROBSON.

P. 17042



Private Henry Robson, of the Royal Scots Regiment, has been awarded the V.C. for rescuing a wounded N.C.O. He was himself wounded.

A PREPARATION FOR THE "BOSCHES."

g. 326 g.



The Germans do not like our men's bayonet work at all. In this photograph is seen the training our soldiers undergo to perfect themselves with the bayonet, which has always been an essentially British weapon.



A rapid return to Health & Strength Especially after Influenza

Of the many advantages that 'Wincarnis' offers to the weak and ailing, perhaps the most pronounced is the extraordinary rapidity with which it restores health and strength. This should appeal with particular force to those who are suffering from the intense weakness and exhaustion following influenza. 'Wincarnis' is especially valuable after influenza, because it restores the lost vitality—replenishes the blood supply—and creates a feeling of new life. And it does it so quickly. That is one reason why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINCARNIS

has earned the name "the wine of life" because it has given new life to countless thousands of people who were Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," or "Run-down"—or were martyrs to Indigestion—or were enfeebled by old age—or were striving, vainly, to regain their strength after an exhausting illness. They derived new health and new life from "Wincarnis" because it is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in a rich delicious life-giving beverage.

'Wincarnis' is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," "Run-down,"

because it offers the quickest, the surest and the safest way to health. The quickest because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful—the surest because it has the recommendation of over 10,000 Doctors—the safest because it does not contain coca or other drugs.

Will you try 'Wincarnis'? Will you take advantage of the new health and new life it offers you? All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' They sometimes offer substitutes—so be firm and say, "No thank you, I must have 'Wincarnis.'"

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 244, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

D.M., 25/2/15.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should insist on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

"TIZ" Cured My Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns—Just try TIZ."

"TIZ makes my feet just dance."



Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ. TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous excretions which puff up the feet; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Think of it! No more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin or bunions. Get a 1s. 1½d. box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1s. 1½d. Think of it!

Keep Your Boys at Home.

Provide for the long evenings; give yourself and the boys a chance to enjoy them with a billiard room of

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

Made in every size—a size to suit every room and every size in perfect proportion. Prices from £27 6s. A handy size, 4 ft. 6 in. at £25 0s. Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables from £13 10s. 0d. Cash or easy payments. Prices individual accessories, and free delivery within one mile of nearest railway station in United Kingdom. 7 days' free trial. Free on receipt of postcard full detailed illustrated Catalogue. Write for it now. E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Lambert Works, Acersington, 182, London Street, No. 147, Aldersgate, E.C. 4.

WRIGLEY'S SPECIAL OFFER.

There's lots of little things the soldiers at the front and in the trenches want, and they look to you for them.

Wrigley's Spearmint "chewing gum" is always a first favourite. It's so satisfying, relieving thirst, hunger, fatigue and monotony.

Tommy loves it—it's such a splendid substitute for drink, food and bacon. We not send one of these enlarged, big boxes, only 1s. 6d. for 40 bars to your particular pal? He'll send you a warm letter of thanks. If you can't buy locally, send direct, and Wrigley's forward you post free.

Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum is good for everyone. It's a fine dentifrice, keeps the breath pure, aids digestion, and there's nothing better for allaying tobacco and drinking habits. When you're dry it's as good as a drink—soothes your nerves better than a pipe, sugar or cigarette. It's delicious in taste—a dainty sweetmeat which answers a hundred purposes.

This Special "40 Bars in a Box" Offer is open to all. All chemists and confectioners stock Wrigley's Spearmint, but if you have difficulty send direct to Wrigley's, Ltd., Lambeth Palace Rd., S.E.

A SPLENDID GIFT FOR THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

SPEARMINT

Buy a Box To-day and send it on. If unable to procure locally, send 1/6 direct to

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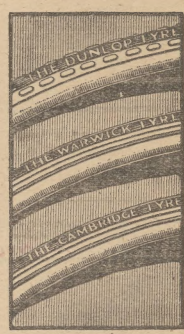
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WARWICK AND CAMBRIDGE tyres.

FIT THEM THIS SEASON



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Mds. Delysia, Hanako, Sim, Carroll Balfour, Messrs. Playfair, Morton in Harry Grattan's Revue. "ODDS AT 2." Preceded by Hanako in "Odds." at 8.30. Mats., Today and Sat., 2.30.

APOLLO—Evenings at 8.30.—Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY presents A BUSY DAY, by R. G. Carr, 8.30. Preceded, at 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

COMEDY—ARE YOU A MASON? TONIGHT, at 9. MAT., WEDS., SATS., at 8.30. Preceded, at 8.30, by Mr. Ernest Hastings.

DALYS, Leicester-square. EVENINGS, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, A COUNTRY GIRL (Special Reduced Prices).

DRURY LANE. SLEEPING BEAUTY BEAUTIFIED. TONIGHT, at 7.30. Last Mat., Sat. Next, 1.50. George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer. Last 2 nights, box-off, 10 to 10. G. Carr, 8.30.

GARRICK, at 2.30 and 8.30. THE GIRL IN THE TAXI. TONIGHT, at 8.30. Tel. Gerrard 9513.

GLOBE. Eves., 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR in THE TWO OF MY HEARTS.

HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT. ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY PEARLE. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats. Prices 1s. to 7s. 6d. HIS MAJESTY'S.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. TONIGHT, at 8. Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2. Extra Matinee, To-day and Thursday, March 4.

HERBERT TREE. EVELYN MILLARD. KINGSWAY, at 8.30. FARAWAY, FIRST FLY.

HENRY ANLEY, LENA ASHWELL. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Extra Matinee, To-day and Thursday, March 4.

LYRIC GREENE as Dolores. Mat., Weds., Sats., 2.30.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. TONIGHT, at 8.30 and 8.15. MAT., at 8.30.

ST. JAMES'S. A New Play, by Rudolph Besier. EVENINGS, at 8.15. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MARIE LOUISE. Matinee, Weds., Sats., at 2.30. Box-office, Ger. 3503.

SAVOY. TONIGHT, at 8.30. Mr. H. B. IRVING in "SEARCHLIGHTS," by H. A. Vachell. At 8, "The Plumbers." Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30. FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE, including Pictures actually taken from Livinville during Falklands Battle.

SHAFESBURY. THE TALES OF HOFFMANN. TONIGHT, at 8. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2. Phone, Gerrard 6886.

STRAND. AT 8. MISTRESS WILFUL. JULIA NEILSON and FRED TERRY. Sat. next, at 8, "SWEET NELL OF OLD DURY." VAUDEVILLE, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, WEEDON GROSSMITH, IRIS HOVEY.

AT 8.15, "A Man of Ideas." Mats., Weds. and Sats., 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. (Including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime). Varieties 8.15. Revue, 8.30. Mat., Saturdays, 2.30.

HIPPODROME—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. "BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LOHANE, UNITY MOORE, CHRIS. TERRY, SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN POSTER, HENRI LEONI.

PALACE—OSCAR ASOME and LILY BRAYTON in "Hail" by Edward Knoblauch, Barclay Gammon, Dr. Callori, Elsie Southgate, Little Miss June. War Pictures, etc. Eves., 8. Mat., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

PALLADIUM—5.15 and 9. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.30, 8.15 and 9. ERNEST C. ROLLE's Latest Revue, VENUS. LTD. WISH WYNNE. TWO BOBS. MAY MOORE DUPREZ. JOE BOGAN'S LUNATIC BAKERS, etc.

MASKELINE and DEVA'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, W.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s. to 6s. CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS and SAILORS FREE.

PERSONAL.

BIRNSTAIL—Fate again. Poisons writing owing to sick-ness—light.

EXCHANGED Prisoners—Can any of these kindly give any information about Lieut. (now Capt.) Stafford King-Hamman, 1st Batt. Irish Guards, missing since Nov. 6th from Klein Zillebeke, near Ypres?—Kindly communicate with his father, Sir Thomas Stafford, Rockingham, Rye, Ireland.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity! ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.



"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

"OTHERWISE—"

"WHAT'S up now?" Ashley snapped the question angrily. He, too, was wrought up almost past endurance.

Parkes was looking at him with sympathetic horror on his round face, as if wondering how to break the news.

"They've just been ringing up from Westover School, sir. There's an epidemic broke out there, and . . ."

"An epidemic of what?"

"I'm rather afraid it's typhoid, sir. At least, I gathered as much from . . ."

"And they want us to fetch the boy away? Is that it?"

"Well, no, sir; not exactly. That is . . ."

"Good heavens, man, haven't you got a tongue in your head? What is it?"

The butler was fidgeting nervously with his hands, and looked uneasily behind him as if he were afraid of being overheard.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "It isn't easy to break bad news. Master Eric is down with it."

Ashley glared at the man in silence, the anger on his face giving way to something like terror. Unconsciously, too, his glance turned over his shoulder to the room he had just left.

"Is that the worst?" he asked, after a pause. He had to brace himself up to put the question.

"Nothing's happened to the boy? He isn't . . . he isn't dead?"

"Oh no, sir," answered Parkes, eagerly, glad now the worst had been told to gloss the tidings.

"Nothing like that. But he's pretty bad, and they think someone ought to come down."

Mr. Creswick stood thinking, his furtive eyes wandering over the butler's face as if trying to find some sign of evasion. His shaking hand was spilling the water from the carafe, but neither of them noticed it.

"Tell me exactly what was said," he exclaimed at last, and the butler obediently went through the whole of the message as he remembered it.

"You had better ring them up again, and put me on to them," Ashley said when he had finished. "And remember, Parkes, that, for the present, at all events, she's not to know."

The man was about to assent with evident relief, when he suddenly stiffened and gave a significant cough. Ashley, following the direction of his anxious eyes, turned quickly round and, with a gasp, realised that Fay was standing in the shadows behind him. She was pale as death, but her voice when she spoke was firm and level.

"You needn't tell me," she said; "I have heard everything."

Creswick gazed at her in amazement. Not three minutes before he had left her in the extremity of collapse. In the brief interval he had heard news which, knowing as he did her passionate love for her child, it was reasonable to fear would prostrate her completely. Yet she stood there self-possessed and resolute, completely mistress of herself and, to all appearances, brave and unconquerable.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

FOR WOMEN WHO HATE ROUGE A TOILET HINT

Ladies who suffer from pale, sallow, bad complexions, yet who quite naturally object to the "loud," coarse, and "made-up" appearance almost inevitably associated with the use of rouge—which also, by the way, is often distinctly harmful to the complexion—will be interested to learn that they can easily regain the velvety, child-like freshness of their complexions by using a simple, inexpensive lotion composed of 2oz. of rose water, 1 dram tincture of benzoin, and 2oz. of flowers of oxolin. Shake well before applying with a soft cloth or sponge. When dry brush lightly with a soft cloth or a piece of chamois leather. If you will do this whenever you go out you will always have a soft, natural refined colour, of which your friends cannot be suspicious, and of which you need not be ashamed. This lotion is also exceptionally beneficial in relieving and preventing chapped faces and hands, as well as redness due to exposure to winter weather.

IMPORTANT.—It is interesting to note that, owing to the numerous demands for this formula, Boots Cash Chemists and other leading chemists have arranged to supply it at a moderate price under the name of Flozoin Lotion, put up in an attractive bottle, complete with sponge and chamois leather. (Adv't.)

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

Nor was it merely her attitude that made Ashley rub his eyes with astonishment. In that brief space of time she seemed to have collected all her faculties and to have taken charge of details with a swiftness of decision never surpassed even in those old days before trouble had descended on her in such measure. She drew her little foot back from the pool of water which Ashley's trembling hand had spilt on the tessellated floor.

"Parkes!" she said, sharply.

The butler had withdrawn himself discreetly into the background when she had first spoken, glad, perhaps, to be spared the necessity of a tragic scene; but he came forward hurriedly at the summons.

"Yes, madam?" he said.

"When you have rung up the school send one of the maids to wipe up this mess."

"Very good, madam."

"And Parkes—tell Hudson I want her at once in my room to pack for me."

"You mean to go down to Westover?" asked Ashley, when the man had gone.

"Of course," she replied. "What did you think I was going to do?"

"I mean, my love, are you in a fit state to travel?"

Fay did not deign to reply. The man who stood watching her in such suspense had never been much to her; just now he was nothing at all. When at last she spoke he might have been, from the tone of her voice, one of the servants.

"Look me up a train, please," she said coldly. "The next. And you might have the car ready to catch it."

She turned her back on him indifferently and mounted the stairs to her room. Ashley obeyed her commands without questioning, but with a strange sinking of the heart. There was something so abnormal in the icy restraint of her manner, coming so soon, too, after the stormy hysterics of a quarter of an hour before, that he was conscious of that feeling of repulsion we suffer in the presence of one whose wits are gone.

Yet he dared not assert any little authority he might possess—not so much that he was afraid of her as of the consequences to her realising brain. He looked up the next train to Westover and sent word to her room that it left Waterloo in an hour.

Fay came down quickly on the summons, for there was no time to waste if she meant to catch it. Dressed in her long sable coat and swathed in warm wraps, her wan, pinched face seemed lost—ridiculously small and out of proportion. She noticed that Ashley, too, was enveloped in a heavy ulster, but she made no comment on his obvious intention till she saw his suit-case in the car.

"What have you brought that for?" she asked.

"I'm coming with you, of course."

Such simple devotion might have touched another woman, but Fay shrugged her shoulders contemptuously. She was too much absorbed in her own pitiful train of thought to trouble with an argument. If she had any feeling at all about it, it was perhaps a wave of resentment at the unwarrantable interference with her affairs of one who was quite outside her life.

Parkes, the butler, watched them gravely out of sight.

"I hope sincerely it will be all right," he said to Fay's maid as he closed the door, "otherwise . . ."

But the gist of his forebodings was lost in an ominous shake of the head.

THE DAY.

MEANWHILE, knowing nothing of the new trouble which had fallen on the house at Kensington, Lionel had arrived there fully determined to confront his brother with the story he had just heard.

His resolution to tell Ashley what he thought of him, so far from suffering any alleviation, was burning more fiercely than ever, and Derek Trench's calm sarcastic comments had helped to throw fuel on the fire of his wrath.

The actual financial aspect of the case, the fact, namely, that he had been robbed of his inheritance, was the least part of his boundless indignation. He felt a fierce joy, of course, at the thought that he would now be able to lift Jean out of the sordid misery that enveloped her—that he was unexpectedly a rich man, able to sweep away all opposition from his path.

But, apart from this, there was an innate nobility in the fibre of his nature—or spendthrift carelessness, as his avaricious brother preferred to call it—which made his pocket the least sensitive part about him. He was glad to be rich for the sake of the woman he loved, but the visions such a stroke of fortune would have brought to most men, the visions of a life of ease and luxury, went for nothing.

The thing that hurt him was the shattering of his illusions. He had looked up to Ashley as a kindly elder brother, who had helped him in many a tight corner, and he was embittered by the knowledge that had come to him.

Given the key which he had received from old Robert Delaval, the entire mechanism of the dastardly plot now opened in his hands. The whole thing was only too clear, and when

he and Derek had discussed it for an hour there was hardly a piece of the puzzle missing.

No angry man can lightly tolerate a barrier, however slight and temporary, thrust between himself and the object of his just indignation, and Lionel uttered something that sounded very like an oath when that most civil of men, Parkes, the butler, told him in quiet and courteous tones that his master and mistress were out of town.

"Where have they gone?" Lionel demanded. He didn't believe the story. In his present state of mind he was perfectly convinced that Parkes the butler, and everybody else in that vile establishment, from Ashley down to the scullery-maid, were in the conspiracy against him.

Parkes laboured under a difficulty in explaining on the dormat. An icy wind was swooping round the corner, blowing flakes of snow into the hall and carrying threats of his old enemy, bronchitis.

"Won't you step inside a minute, sir?" he said. He spoke very affably, Mr. Lionel being one of his favourites.

"Yes, I might as well."

"Are you staying, sir?" said Parkes. "We can easily knock up a little dinner for you, and your room is always ready."

"No, I don't want dinner," said Lionel curtly, "and I'm not going to stay. Where's my brother gone? I want to see him at once."

"They have had bad news, sir," explained Parkes with a serious face. He was a kindly man and Mrs. Creswick's trouble had rested very heavily on his heart since he had brought the urgent message from the school.

"What news?"

"There's an epidemic, sir, at Westover School, and young Master Eric is down with typhoid. I believe he's very bad."

Lionel noticed that something suspiciously like tears were welling up in the old fellow's eyes, but the sight exasperated him without knowing why. Men who are strong are generally amiable, and in one of Lionel's temperaments even at normal times there was no room for subtle shades of virtue and vice. To him a man was either a white man or he was a black-guard; and the same applied in an even greater degree to women.

If Ashley and Fay were capable not only of robbing him of the inheritance which was his due, but of covering up their theft and treachery with villainous lies and plots, then he could allow them no mitigating qualities at all.

He was too honest to pretend to sympathise with Fay in her maternal trouble, even if he had felt pity; and he did not feel pity. He did not

feel it, not because he was hard of heart, but because, having put that aside, he was a bad woman, he must instinctively detect any of the attributes of ordinary humanity in his face and was shocked at it. He thought she was not understood. "I believe the gentleman has got it bad, sir, very bad indeed. In fact, sir, if I might venture an opinion, I almost fear the worst."

"And when does my brother come back?" pursued Lionel.

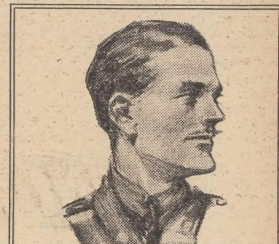
Parkes saw the futility of trying to draw sympathy from him. Mr. Lionel was, as he explained in the kitchen afterwards, "a properly hard case."

The old man drew into his shell and assumed a severity of demeanour which was the only approach to a rebuke at which he might venture.

"That I am unable to say, sir," he replied, stiffly. "They only went down this morning," Lionel nodded. "I see," he said. "I will come again to-morrow."

He went and found Derek and they decided there was nothing to be done until Ashley returned.

In the event, Lionel had to possess his soul in what patience he could for a whole fortnight. He called and telephoned continually,



Richard Chatterton, V.C., the hero of our splendid new serial, by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which begins on Monday next.

but always with the same answer, that Mr. Creswick had not yet returned, and at the end of the fortnight he could stand it no longer.

The date on his paper one morning brought to him the sudden recollection that there were other things to be done. It was the 4th of December—the day on which Jean had promised him her answer.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Snowfall.

Snow is very beautiful on Christmas cards and I am still young enough to enjoy a game of snowballing in frosty-weather in a country field. But the avalanche of snow which took London by storm on Tuesday night caught some of us unawares. Dainty creatures in filmy evening frocks and little shoes about as thick as tissue paper were soon ankle deep in the slush that spread like a muddy sea round the theatres and restaurants. I suppose the doctors have got busy by now.

Mr. Bouchier in the Snow.

I battled through the snow bravely enough for a time and then I sought shelter in the Coliseum. I had a few minutes' chat with Mr. Arthur Bouchier in his dressing-room before he went on the stage. While we were chatting a friend rang him up on the 'phone and asked him out to supper. But Mr. Bouchier could not go. As a special constable he was on duty that night. He had my sympathy.

The Special's Part.

Some people have poked fun at our specials. This is very foolish, for they are doing good work. Who, for instance, would envy Mr. Bouchier guarding the streets of Soho in the blighting cold and blinding snow of Tuesday night? I wonder if he thought of that supper.

In the Cold.

At Tottenham Court-road early yesterday morning the snow slush had frozen a little. Things were slippery. The Sportsman's Battalion marched along whistling comic songs, and two anæmic knut specimens stood and shivered and watched them on the pavements. "Beastly cold—I'm awfully perished."



Lord Coventry.

"An Old Sport."

At that moment an old gentleman, wearing a silk hat cocked rather rakishly on the side and a plaid overcoat, walked briskly across the road. He nearly slipped twice, but smiled cheerily. An omnibus nearly caught him then, but remembering his boyhood days he made a slide of the road and slid into safety. "Quite an old sport—what," murmured one of the languid ones on the pavement. For once the knut was right. The old gentleman on the slide was Lord Coventry.

The Belgian Relief Man.

Mr. "Bert" Hoover, the American chief agent for Belgian relief, who has just received the remarkable letter from Sir Edward Grey, has had a life full of colour and adventure. He started as a mining engineer, and at first went mining for two dollars a day. At the age of twenty-six he was the expert of the North China Government.

Tea and Bullets.

For six weeks during the Boxer rising Mr. Hoover and his wife lived behind a barricade of rice bags and sugar barrels. Mr. Hoover worked a machine gun against the enemy, whilst Mrs. Hoover made tea for the besieged colony, and sweetened it with sugar taken from the barricades.

People Who Tried Him.

There were two classes of Americans in Europe last autumn—those ever eager to get away from trouble and those who wanted to overstay their welcome. To the former class belonged the old lady who would not sail until Mr. Hoover gave his written guarantee that the Germans would not sink the ship and the old negro who, when asked why he wanted a ticket home, replied: "I take a great interest in my country just now."

Noble Work.

But eventually Mr. Hoover and his American Aid Society managed to solve the tourist problem. Not an American remained in Europe for want of passage money. Then Mr. Hoover turned his attention to the international commission that is succouring Belgium.

any who is fighting for the says a Berlin paper. idium into pieces.

The Chatty Pet.

Pretty Miss Winifred Barnes, who will presently be seen in London as the heroine of Mr. George Edwardes's new musical comedy, "Betty," has a parrot. This parrot was originally in the cast of "Betty." It was taught to speak certain lines, but, unfortunately declined to keep to the text. It

P. 6103 F



The pensive Miss Winifred Barnes.

would chatter on the stage about events of the day. So the management gave the parrot notice, and also gave it as a present to Miss Barnes. It is a chatty pet.

A Recommendation.

I hope Miss Barnes's parrot is not like the one a friend went to purchase the other day. "Does it swear much?" she asked the dealer. "No ma'am," was the reply, "but when it does swear—it swears loud and very clear."

A Byron Concert.

Lady Byron tells me that a Byron concert is to be given on March 3 at Claridge's Hotel under the direction of Mr. Isidore De Lara. I am very pleased, for many of Byron's lyrics made charming songs. Mr. De Lara is going to sing the "Maid of Athens."

Khaki.

Yesterday I saw a lady chauffeur dressed in a sort of khaki uniform driving a huge touring car through the bewildering traffic of Piccadilly Circus. In the distance I thought the driver was an officer, but on closer observation I saw stray curls peeping from under the cap revealing her sex. This can scarcely be called "contempt of uniform."

O'Leary Lyrics.

I knew it would happen. From the very first I feared with a dark foreboding that the brave deed of gallant Sergeant Michael O'Leary would give our spring poets a bad attack of O'Learyitis. Now I am being bombarded with O'Leary poems. I've a basket full already. Just one for a sample:—

Here's to you, Sergeant O'Leary,
An Irishman bold, brave and true;
Give us your flipper "O' dear,"
And three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
If anyone, having read this, goes off into a dead faint I hope they will understand a bit I've been suffering for the past day or so.

The Wrist-Watch Dancer.

The handy wrist-watch is getting into trouble. I hear that at the front officers and men are being told not to wear them anywhere near where there is firing. The reason is that there have been a large number of bad accidents through a bullet hitting the watch, smashing it and making a very much worse injury than if the bullet had merely struck the wrist.

Khaki Romance.

On Monday next there begins in *The Daily Mirror* a brilliant new serial which will probably excite a wider interest than any we have published. It is by that very popular author, Miss Ruby M. Ayres. For some time past letters have been pouring in to me from correspondents asking why it isn't possible to have some new sort of serial for war time which has something to do with war, but not with its horrors.

No War Horrors.

Well, it is possible, and Miss Ayres has made it possible. She has found the happy mean between war horrors and the old frivolity in her splendid new serial. She has written a charming and earnest story which has partly a khaki dress, but which is in no sense a war story. I haven't the faintest doubt that you will endorse my opinion that it is one of the most charming and absorbing tales

A Visitor.

We have had a visitor at this office. Mme. Delysia, the charming French artist, who has made such a wonderful success in "Odds and Ends," at the Ambassadors Theatre, came all the way from the Savoy, through the savage regions of Fleet-street, to see what a newspaper is really like.

Woman—the Curious.

I escorted her round *The Daily Mirror* and tried to explain things. Mme. Delysia, looking radiant in a wonderful Early Victorian hat and a costume that must be seen to be believed, examined printing machines and everything else. "You are very curious," I remarked. "Of course—I am a woman," she replied. When she departed one of the office boys made a wise remark. "A lady like that takes your mind off your business," he said, and sighed romantically.

Government Fletcherisms.

I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. H. Fletcher, a wealthy American food reformer, who teaches that it does not matter a rap what you eat so long as you chew it not less than fifty times. He demonstrated to me that a most satisfactory dinner can be made of a two-penny meat pie and a couple of biscuits. Although Mr. Fletcher proved his theory to me, I still find a conventional dinner good enough. But the German Government, I learn, has now taken up Fletcherism.

New Way of Getting Fat.

It is, of course, in connection with the less-bread Cologne. The staid semi-official *Cologne Gazette* has been dealing with the subject of food in all its aspects. It now points out that the proper way to get nourishment and grow fat is to reduce the quantity of food eaten by half, but to eat it very deliberately. To anyone who knows Germany the idea of a German chewing his sausage broodchen ninety-nine times is inexpressibly funny.

Like Nothing on Earth.

I see the renegade Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, has been delighting the Germans with a new outburst against his native land. He talks a great deal about our "brutality," our "disgraceful history" in a "foam-at-the-mouth" manner that would well become a German professor. His remarks on freedom are really comic—and true, but not in the sense he means. "A non-German freedom," he says, "is not freedom. German freedom is a quite original creation. Mankind has known nothing like it up till now." The Belgians are learning about it now.

Dress Number.

I suppose every woman in the country will be chatting about *The Daily Mirror* next Monday. That day *The Daily Mirror* will publish a wonderful dress number—twenty-

four pages of everything you want to know or see about the new dress styles. I have peeped at some of the pictures. They open up quite new possibilities in the world of fashions.

Something New.

Of course, our dress number will not in any way resemble the old-style fashion numbers of the magazines. It will be a paper that is bound to interest every man as well as every woman. Never before has such a remarkable collection of fashion pictures been presented to the public.

A Full Day's Work.

When the new farce, "Excuse Me," is produced at the Garrick Miss Christine Silver will be found to have a small but very effective part. She is working very hard just now, rehearsing every morning at the Garrick and playing afternoons and evenings at the Hippodrome. Miss Silver likes revue, but I think she is glad to get back to the theatre.

Entrenching London Streets.

I walked from Fleet-street to the Palace Theatre the other day and counted no fewer than ten street excavations on my journey. The interest in watching a knot of men digging up a road seems to rival the interest shown in war bulletins.

THE RAMBLER.



Gives such a new and delicious flavour to the food.

Just a few drops—that's all—and you will be delighted with the delicious flavour of Oriental fruits and spices blended by a secret process.

There is no sediment—you need not shake the bottle—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Large Bottles 6d.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE DARDANELLES

During the bombardment of the Dardanelles by the English and French Navies readers will find the Naval Booklet, "The Navies at War," of immense interest. This very instructive little book gives full particulars of the ships engaged, the displacement, speed, main armaments and crew. "The Navies at War" is so made up that a complete record of the gains and losses of the Allied and enemy fleets can be kept. It is a most inspiring booklet, and will be appreciated by all interested in our glorious Navy. Price 3d., Edition de Luxe 1s. To be obtained of W. H. Smith's and Willing's bookstalls, good class newsgents, or direct from the Publishers, 6 and 7, Stonecutter-street, London, E.C. (Advt.)

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EYE TROUBLES

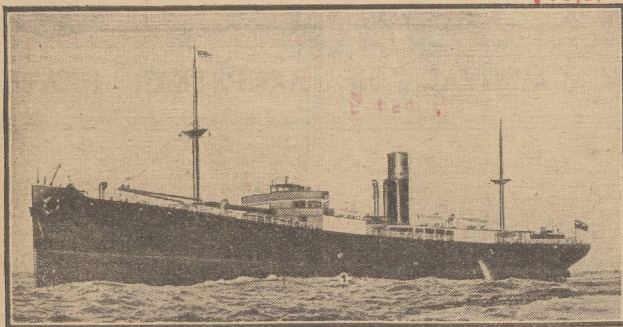
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BRITISH ARMED LINER LOST.

9. 2731



The Clan Macphee, the sister ship of H.M.S. Clan McNaughton the armed merchant cruiser which has been lost. The two ships were exactly alike.

SMUGGLED BELGIAN LACE.

Work Which Can Never Be Reproduced on Sale at Wonderful Exhibition.

"To be sold for the benefit of British soldiers blinded in the war."

So runs the description in the catalogue of a picture on sale at the Anglo-Belgian Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, which opens to-day.

The exhibition has been arranged by the Women's International Art Club, and is to be opened by Princess Clementine of Belgium.

Pricess old lace is being exhibited by Englishwomen who have lent their collections, but a great deal of lovely lace is to be sold belonging to the Belgian workers.

The *Daily Mirror* was told that some of it has been smuggled out of Belgium.

The best of these laces can never be reproduced, even if the workers were able to go back to Belgium, as the same pattern is never used twice.

Belgian laces can be bought from a shilling to £100 a piece.

The money obtained by the exhibition is to be divided between the Belgian Relief Fund and the Queen's Work for Women Fund.

SEAGULLS' WARNING OF SUBMARINE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

HULL, Feb. 24.—How seagulls gave warning of the approach of a German submarine is related in a letter written to the rector of Saxby by one of the seamen in H.M.S. *Majestic*. He says:—

"We have always a lot of seagulls following us, and after meals they 'pipe down'—that is, go to sleep on the water.

"I was at a 12-pounder gun, after dinner, all our poultry having forty winks as usual, when I was startled to see them all circling around an object which proved to be the periscope of a German submarine.

"If it had not been for the seagulls the 800 of us would have been in Davy Jones's locker.

"Later we were going to cannon tube, and then we brought up the cordite. They flew miles away."

BOMBARDIER WELLS BEATS RICE.

Bombardier Wells, who is to meet Frank Moran at the London Opera House on March 25, beat Bombardier Rice last night in the sixth round of a twenty-rounds contest at Belfast.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Ellen Terry Operated On.

Miss Ellen Terry has just undergone an operation for the removal of cataract from the eye, says a Reuter message from New York.

Bomb That Couldn't Go Off.

A bomb, lacking both fuse and cap, says Reuter, has been found under the Japanese exhibit at the San Francisco Exhibition.

Garden Suburb for Dockers.

As a garden suburb for dockers a large plot of land at Prince Regent's-lane, Plaistow, is to be laid out by the Port of London Authority.

First Bomb Relic for the King.

Part of the first German bomb dropped in Britain (at Dover on December 24) has been presented to the King by the Dover Anti-Aircraft Corps.

Duke's Horses "Scratched."

A sequel to the Grand Stand Hospital dispute was announced yesterday—the Duke of Portland's horses have been "scratched" from all engagements at Epsom.

Nine Patriotic Brothers.

Nine brothers named Moore, whose home is at Eddington, Somerset, are serving their country—seven in the Army, one in the police force and one as a special constable.

A Human Torch.

During a night attack in Lorraine, says Reuter, a German soldier was suddenly seen to burst into flames which lit up his surroundings. A French bullet had ignited incendiary material he was carrying.

SELECTIONS FOR SANDOWN.

Weather permitting, racing will be resumed this afternoon at Sandown Park, where several races with a bearing on the Grand National will be decided. Selections for today are as follow:—

- 1.45.—Ember Chase—LES ORMES.
- 2.15.—Lammas Hurdle—HARE'S SELECTED.
- 2.45.—Liverpool Trial—BALLYHACKLE.
- 3.15.—Aisles Hurdle—STARGANTS.
- 3.45.—Cortihill Chase—LYNCH PIN.
- 4.15.—Warren Hurdle—MILLBRIDGE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

* BALLYHACKLE and MILLBRIDGE. SOUVENIR.

Also Lambert and George Groves meet in a twenty rounds match at the Ring tonight. At the West London Stadium Young Brooks and Lance-Corporal Miller provide the chief contest.

YOUR enjoyment of life depends more on your interior than on your surroundings—much more.

Poor men always doubt this. Rich men know how true it is.

The very same surroundings look bright, interesting, enjoyable, and hopeful to the person whose digestion and elimination are kept in perfect condition and whose blood is kept clean and active by Cockle's Pills.

Precisely the same surroundings look dark and dull and hopeless to people whose system and thoughts are clogged and poisoned by wastes which have not been eliminated promptly.

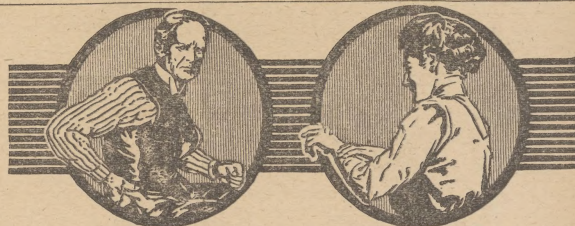
Half-health means missing to-day half the Enjoyment of life . . . by your own fault.

Drastic pills and draughts are responsible for this "half health" as often as neglect and carelessness are. Cockle's Pills aid nature naturally, gently, harmlessly, thoroughly.

Why not find out, yourself, how much brighter life can be?

Cockle's Pills

Sold by Chemists throughout the World, 1/1½ and 2/9.



For Rheumatism

As soon as an attack of Rheumatism begins apply Sloan's Liniment. Don't waste time and suffer agony unnecessarily. A few drops of Sloan's Liniment on the affected part—don't rub—is all that you need. The pain goes at once.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Cured in Three Days.

Trained Nurses' Experience.

Mr. W. H. Cunningham, 58, South Palmerston Street, South Shields, writes:—"I suffered great pain from rheumatism in my back which became so bad I was unable to go to work. When one has had rheumatism for years, it seems almost a hopeless task to obtain relief, but after using Sloan's Liniment I was able to return to work in three days. I must say it is a wonderful Liniment."

Mrs. A. Foster, 22, Brighton Road, Redland, Bristol, writes:—"As trained nurses my husband and self are constantly requiring an efficient liniment, and we are pleased to tell you that during the last 12 months we have relied on Sloan's Liniment with the best possible results—in fact it is the liniment we have ever used in over 25 years' experience. We cannot too highly recommend it."

Sloan's Liniment is invaluable for relieving pain of any kind. It never fails to bring ease and comfort even in the most severe cases of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Stiffness, Sprains, etc. It is the old reliable "standby" in thousands of homes and is looked upon as the most valuable household remedy ever discovered. Sold by all Chemists 1/1½ and 2/3. Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

FREE SAMPLE

Mansion Polish

A general appearance of cleanliness and good cheer in the home is easily attained by the use of Mansion Polish. Quickly, and with a minimum of labour, it imparts a beautiful, smooth lustre to Furniture, Parquet Floors and Linoleum, prevents dust and dirt from adhering, and feeds the substance to which it is applied.

Two 1d. to 1/- Of all Dealers.

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It will be a monster Spring Dress Number of Twenty-four Pages. Order your copy To-day.



EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY AT THE SNOW CARNIVAL ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.



Two of the London Scottish heavily bombarded. Girls sometimes beat boys in snowball warfare.

London had a white awakening yesterday morning. There had been a heavy snow-fall, and although the crust on the City streets had been churned to mud, places like



This little girl rode in state over the snow in her sledge, which was drawn by her dog.



The London Scottish carried out manoeuvres. They are seen making a charge in open formation.

Hampstead Heath were dazzling and white. Here there was, of course, a snow carnival.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A FISHGUARD HERO.

P. 17043



Mr. Harry Parry, who at Lower Fish-guard, during a terrific storm, plunged, fully clad, into a raging sea to rescue his little daughter.

MISS RUBY AYRES' ROMANCE IN KHAKI.

P. 17042



Miss Ruby M. Ayres, who is writing our new serial, which begins next Monday, discussing her recruiting idea with Colonel A. de B. V. Paget (in the centre), commanding the Sportsman's Battalion, and Major Enderby.

DIAMOND WEDDING.

P. 17043



Mr. and Mrs. Needham, of Worksop, who have just celebrated their diamond wedding. Both are eighty-three years of age, and full of activity.